

'IN RUHLLEBEN CAMP'

WE WISH AS PLEASANT A
CHRISTMAS AS POSSIBLE
AND AN EARLY RELEASE
IN THE COMING YEAR TO
ALL OUR READERS

Price 3^d

Trabrennbahn. Ruheleben.

Patent Chimney pots
are bad enough
but this wire
is the limit!

PRISONERS'
COMFORTS

XMAS NUMBER

1915.

ROBERT WALKER.

THE RED CROSS BED

In two days after the publication of this number the boxes which have been placed in the various barracks for the purpose of collecting funds for the Ruhleben Red Cross Bed will be called in.

Messrs. Simms and Ford have kindly undertaken to open and count the contents of the boxes and the money will be handed over to the British Red Cross authorities to be devoted to the foundation of a "Ruhleben Bed" in one of their hospitals.

It will be pointed out to the authorities at Home that this collection has been extended over several months in order that small weekly amounts might be subscribed and must in no way be regarded as a donation from any superfluity of cash in the Camp but as the outcome of very real sacrifice on the part of a great number of the subscribers.

In RUHLEBEN CAMP

CHRISTMAS 1915

BEHIND THE WIRE IN ENGLAND.

“WE’RE juggled—of that there can be no manner of doubt. Some of us have been a long time in jug, a few not quite so long” (This is the opening, translated from the German of course) of the leading article in “Stobsiade” the fortnightly organ of the Camp for German prisoners-of-war at Stobs, Great Britain (can any kind reader inform us where Stobs exactly is). It is a bright little four-paged journal redolent of the “Are-we-downhearted? No!” spirit and rendering it very apparent that life in a “Prisoner of War Camp” is very much like the life in a “Civil-Gefangenlager”.

The leader continues:—

“It is within the bounds of possibility that we shall sleep in thirties for many a stuffy night or it may be that the comfy feather bed—for one person or for two—is not so very far off. Who knows? Although much is done to render our lot a happier one no one will maintain that Stobs is to be recommended as a health resort for a permanent stay.—”

No nor Ruhleben!

“But we have patience—Lots of it.—It seems to us that it is wetter here than at home in Germany and the liquid which is not allowed to run into our interiors is poured upon our exteriors.” [Funny isn’t it how the German maintains that England is damper than Germany whereas every true Englishman KNOWS just the contrary to be the case.]

“To continue, who has ever seen such a dog as that of our Commandant? A weird animal. Half pug, half terrier with bulldog legs which are ever atremble with fright. The only dog in the Camp. Half German, half English. Just ripe for naturalisation!”

Apparently the Editor in Stobs allows his pen a larger freedom than we accord ours for never, never would we have referred to the Baron von Taube's "Ruhleben Löwe" in such disrespectful terms.

"And of the Camp clay! One could write chapters about it."

Why our Ruhleben mud has already been accorded volumes!

"Might one not also demand that the public generally sleep less on its back in the future so that the concert of snores may at least take on a more pianissimo tone."

Huh! They should hear old—(We leave readers to fill in name of loft or corridor champion.)!

The article concludes:—"We represent only the noblest elements of Human nature. We will report the sports, sing the Eisteddefod, elevate the theatre and altogether will be a sunbeam lighting the gloom of Camp life. We will awaken the sleepy, talk of the homeland and—between the lines—of our hopes, of our future happiness.

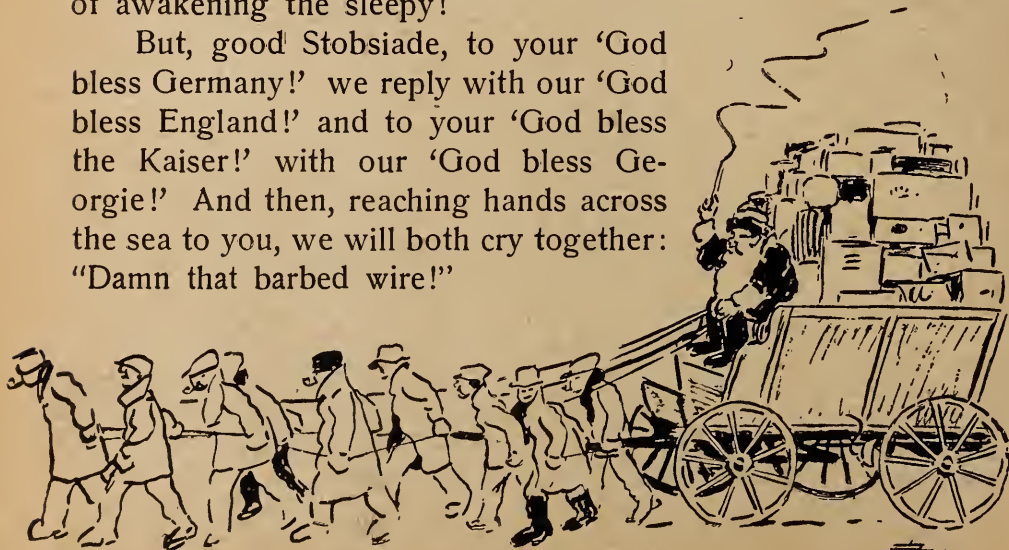
Anything rather than be downhearted! And with sparkling eyes we say softly beneath our breath:—

'God bless Germany!

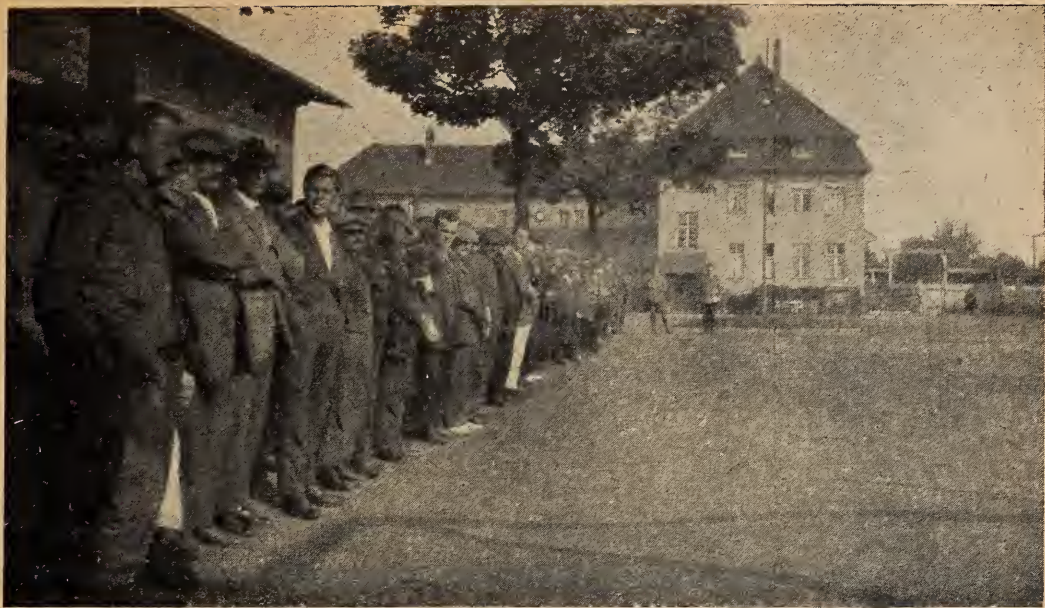
'God bless the Kaiser!'"

How we can sympathize with all this and how deeply we ourselves feel the English complement thereto. All the "Stobsiade" hopes to do in Stobs we trust we can perform in Ruhleben.—Only with one exception! We have more respect for our editorial person than to undertake the responsibility of awakening the sleepy!

But, good Stobsiade, to your 'God bless Germany!' we reply with our 'God bless England!' and to your 'God bless the Kaiser!' with our 'God bless Georgie!' And then, reaching hands across the sea to you, we will both cry together: "Damn that barbed wire!"



Santa Claus, with his well trained team of Ruhleben Reindeers.



BAR. 11. LINES UP.

"RING OUT WILD BELLS!"

"Ring out wild Bells!" The verses sprang
 From one who, in his slumber spells,
 Had never heard with sudden clang
 "Ring out wild bells."

Bell hangers, here, seem scarce, for yells
 Of "HANG THAT BELL!" full often rang
 At noon through barracks, rooms and cells.

I, too, have said, with inward pang
 Obeying those insistent knells,—
 'I'd like to ring his neck who sang:
 "Ring out wild bells!"

HOMAGE.

Time plants his foot our necks upon,—
 However high we climb;
 Time beats us all—save Peebles-Conn,
 For Conn beats time.

LLOYD WOLLEN.

THE THEATRE.

SINCE "In Ruhleben Camp" last appeared we have had plays of all sorts and sizes, good plays, bad plays, merry plays, sad plays, plays without words, plays with songs, old plays, new plays, English plays, French plays—who will dare to complain of the monotony of life in Ruhleben? It would be rank ingratitude to our actor friends.



The first item on my list is "Preedy and the Countess" and I may be pardoned if I linger awhile to discant on the merits of the performance. Previous to this production we had had no comedy the production of which struck one as really finished. In "The Silver Box" we had seen that the Camp could produce a tragedy cast which might certainly rank with any put forward by the leading amateur societies at home but the comedy had always had its one or two weak characters. "Preedy", too, is a play which depends entirely upon the acting. While reading it, I myself "achieved sleep" before I got to the end of the second act. To present the play successfully a "star" was necessary for the title rôle and an extraordinarily safe cast to back him up. At the last moment Mr. Hart appeared on the scene and taking the part at only three days notice made a brilliant success of it. Mr. Anderson, who was the producer, has indeed done the Camp theatre

MR. HOPKIRK AS THE PRODIGAL SON.

a good turn in unearthing an undoubted artist. All the other characters too worked hard and, despite Mr. Danhorn's tendency to over-do his part and Mr. Burgoyne's gaucherie, the general affect was such as to eclipse any previous comedy performance in the Camp.

"My Pal Jerry" was a jolly music hall sketch performed by the Brothers Maurice, Harry Stafford & Co. and despite the fact that they had had to write up the book from memory the audience went away in great good humour.



"The Glad Eye"
an incident from

"Paddy & the
Countess"



"The Prodigal Son", a pantomimic drama by M. Carre with musical accompaniment by A. Wormser, followed and was undoubtedly the most complete success the camp theatre has seen. Some of the people who enjoyed "Preedy" did not care for "My Pal Jerry" and the majority of both audiences were bored to death by "The Master Builder" but "The Prodigal Son" appealed to all. The producer, Mr. H. G. Hopkirk had, to begin with, a caste to which no one could take exception. All parts were exhausted. As the son, Mr. Hopkirk himself secured the sympathy of the whole house; while as a light little light-o'-love Mr. Macmillan set the whole Camp achuckle. Merrit was as effective as ever while Mr. West was so good as to make us all wish to see what he would do with an ordinary part. Skin-the-goat (otherwise known as Mr. Wilson) made a delightful old roué. And who will ever forget that priceless waddle of A. Holmes? Naturally the play could not have been successful without really wonderful accompaniment and Mr. Weber's handling of the orchestra was as masterly as his colleague's handling of the players. I expect to see other productions equal to this and to "Preedy" but I confess I do not expect to see them surpassed in Ruhleben.

The two French plays "On opère sans douleur" and "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle" were both jolly little comedies and received applause.

(Continued on page 8.)





Off for Reno Gardens.

"The Trial by Jury" was our first essay at English comic opera and was a far better production than one would expect in a camp in which the female element is entirely lacking. Mr. Corless deserves commendation for his hard work. It would be well however not to blind ourselves to the fact that although we have cheated Nature very successfully with regard to our stage heroines, when we come to comic opera she has us on the hip. Mr. Welland's performance was all that could be expected of a mere male but unfortunately one must not expect very much. The other parts were all well sustained notably Mr. Hamlyn as the Judge, Mr. Anstey as the Counsel and Austin as Defendant while the get-up of the jury was undoubtedly the hit of the evening.

"The Trial" was preceded by two one-act pieces both of which were by Camp authors. The main idea of Mr. Barton's "Well I'm—" was humorous enough but his dialogue was painfully boring and altogether his piece gave one an impression of inexperience. The casting and acting of it too left much to be desired but fortunately Mr. Eden's pyjamas saved the situation.

Mr. Tivey's "Fooling" was a much better play, the dialogue being witty throughout and the handling of the theme more careful though the ending was somewhat sudden. Had Mr. Tivey stayed among us I should have looked forward to seeing something much better from him.

I am not going to attempt to criticise the Master Builder, for to do so, one requires more space and time than is at my disposal. Mr. Hatfield's translation justified itself in the acting and altogether I think we can record the production a success. Of course a very large proportion of the Camp did not in the least want Ibsen and the players had to contend with an unduly critical audience. Still the play made its appeal to many and though perhaps Ibsen is not suitable for to do so, one requires more space and time than is at not have an occasional single performance and I hope the Entertainments Committee will see its way to give us now and then a repertory week, in the programmes of which some others of Ibsen might well be included.

"The Importance of being Earnest" was hardly accorded the care in casting which Mr. Welland's previous work has led us all to expect of him. Despite the flaws however, the audiences were well pleased and again we have to be grate-

PHRYNETTE AND BARON PEAU-LA-CHEVRE

Hold the Cage, Baron: I've sent
the large Canary by the
Luggage VAN!



ful to Mr. Hart, Mr. Eden and Mr. Macmillan for really finished performances. Mr. McDermott made a wonderful Miss Prism; I hope to have the opportunity of seeing him again in a similar part.

"La Petite Chocolatière" was a great triumph for its producer, Mr. Bell, whose work I cannot sufficiently praise. The casting and the scenery (designed by the producer) left nothing to be desired and the acting was such that I can only say I have never seen better in Ruhleben. Many pro-

ducers have looked around in vain for a really fascinating "flapper" but in Mr. Goodhind Mr. Bell has found a jewel and I prophesy some hard work in the future for the gentleman (or should I say lady?). Space forbids my mentioning all the other characters but I cannot refrain from remarking on Rosette's sweetness.

Altogether the productions of the last two months have reached a standard that is as unexpectedly high as it is welcome.

PLAYGOYER.

THEATRE - NOTES.

Who said

that "The Master Builder" was a bad attempt at teaching the Camp the importance of being earnest?

that "My Pal Jerry" was only fooling?

that those people who thought the finale of "Preedy and the Countess" was going to be an *Enfant prodigue* were badly mistaken?

that "Well I'm—!" was what the audience said?



The Prodigal Son & the Fatted Calf.

THE RUHLEBENITE AT HOME.

I WAS out! How I managed it I cannot tell you at present. It must suffice that after some startling adventures I had arrived Home in time for Christmas.

It was glorious to be in a nice bed again, that is to say it would have been glorious if I had not awakened so late that I had to jump up at once so as not to be too late to wash. I yawned sleepily as I put on my slippers and felt round under the bed without success for my washing bowl.

Someone must have pinched it I thought, probably Emma who is my sister and sleeps next door.

I marched into her room unceremoniously.

"Here you blighter" I began "You've pinched my basin".

She opened her eyes "Don't talk rubbish" she said somewhat sharply "And kindly knock when you come in!"

"That be hanged for a yarn if you pinch my washing basin."

"What are you talking about?"

"My washing basin of course! Buck up they'll be cleaning outh the corridor soon and I want to get washed first"

"Don't be so stupid I haven't got your basin! Go and ring the bell and I'll ask Kate what has become of it."

Kate the maid had no idea where it was but volunteered to go and look for it.

"It's in his room Miss" she said on her return.

"In my room" I repeated "Why I could have sworn it was not under the bed".

"I should hope not indeed!" said my sister "It's on the washing table of course".

I returned to my room and sure enough there it was exactly where she had said. Why on earth they can't put things in their proper places, the Lord only knows. But that's always the way now. Nothing is ever where it ought to be. Why there's not even a broom in the bedrooms.

However I had got my basin and that was the chief thing. Filling it with water I took it out into the corridor, and returned for a chair. I might have saved myself the trouble, there was not a decent chair in the whole room; only a couple of things with cane seats, which are not the slightest good to anybody. After skirmishing round in the other rooms



THE POND STORES. AFTER A SHOWER.

and places for a bit I succeeded in finding a so-called housemaid's box which looked promising. I emptied the contents out into the corridor and a fearful lot of rubbish it was too. I kicked the stuff about thoroughly, but could find absolutely nothing worth having except a couple of nails and a small piece of wire. One of the nails was immediately hammered into the outside of the door to hang the towel on, the other I carefully stowed away for emergencies. From what I see of this place, I shall probably need a considerable number of nails before I get it anything like shipshape.

The housemaid's box turned upside down proved quite satisfactory and I was at length able to get on with the business of washing and I had finished the main part of the business and was splashing water happily over one foot, when my sister came out of her room in a dressing-gown.

"Buck up, you lazy beggar", I yelled, "You know they will be wanting to clean the corridor in a minute."

"Jack, go back to your room at once. What are you doing here?" came the unexpected answer.

"Doing," I repeated, "I'm washing of course."

"Yes, but what do you want do come here to wash for" and then illogically, "Besides, Kate might have come along-while you were——"

"If it's Kate's turn to do the corridor, she ought to have been washed long ago," I interrupted severely, "Where in the name of Heaven do you expect me to wash anyway?"

"In your room. Where else?"

"And make the whole place wet for half the day. A nice row there would be about it. Quite apart from that there is not a decent chair in the room to wash on."

But she was not listening.

"What's that?" she said sharply, pointing to the heap of rubbish.

"Oh! Only some old rubbish I found in here" I said, kicking the housemaid's box, and noticing that the explanation did not seem to soothe her, "It's nothing worth having, I've been through it all very carefully", I assured her.



SNOW ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAISES.

"But the corridor is not the place for rubbish," she retorted still more hotly, in spite of my attempt at a reconciliation.

I was going to retort in kind, when I suddenly remembered it was Christmas morning and I determined a last attempt at peace.

"Never mind old girl", I said, "I'm very sorry if you don't like it. But please have a decent-sized packing case put in my room, will you? And now you'd better buck up and get washed. Here, you can have my basin if you like. I'm finished," and I gracefully threw the remainder of the water along the side of that fatal corridor.

That did for me.

"Go into your room, you silly idiot," she said.

I can't understand Emmie. She's changed tremendously; she does not seem nearly so sympathetic somehow.

T. GOVETTE.

"THERE WAS A COW."

A hitherto unpublished poem from the portfolios of Mr. Senoj Nacnud. (Published without his permission.)

The cow with gasps of lowing pain
 Essays the steep ascent to gain
 Though built for other sorts of flights
 She 'tempts to scale arboreal heights.

Cow! The tree is made of wood,
 Climbing that will do no good.
 Cow, good cow, 'tis not for thee,
 Or such as thou to climb a tree!

Follow the promptings of the Soul
 Eat and grow fat; attain thy goal,
 Namely, the prized sky-blue bow
 Of Merit in the Cattle-Show.

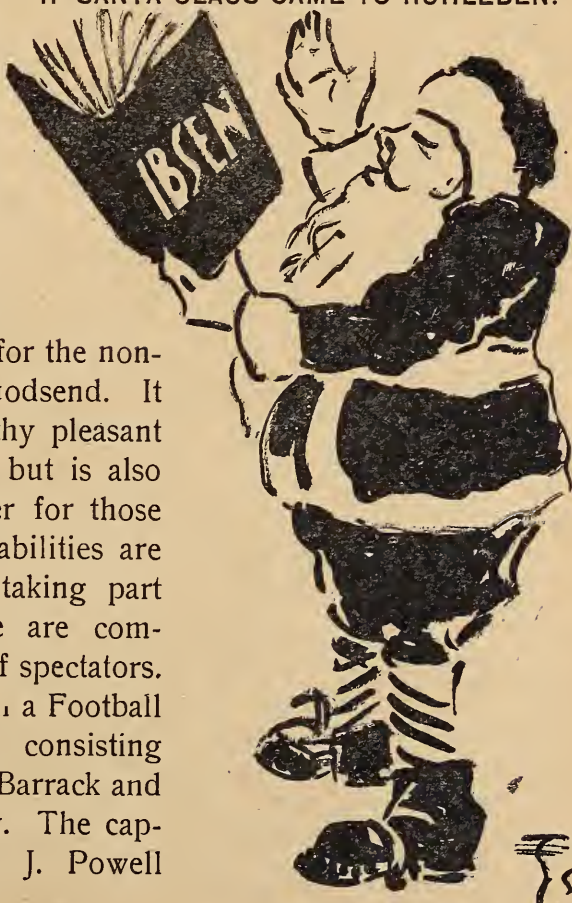
True to thyself thou then shalt live
 And "n" quarts twice a day shalt give.
 Oh! May no lying spirit grow
 Within thy bosom, gentle cow.

FOOTBALL.

ONE only realises the tremendous part the Sport's Ground plays in our circumstances here when (as rarely happens) the racecourse is closed. Hundreds of us roam aimlessly around looking for something to pass away the hours. Fortunately for a great number of those here it is in their nature to take advantage of our present compulsory inactivity in the world's affairs by studying. In this direction the opportunities are manifold and no doubt many, especially among the younger section, will learn much. The events which have placed some of the most brilliant scholars of Europe in this camp and their generous willingness to give those desiring it the benefit of their knowledge creates a unique opening for those who wish to broaden their education. There are, however, a great many men in the Camp whose callings place the thought of study outside their pale. Apart from their actual labour in times of peace they interest themselves more particularly in sport than in anything else. For all grades in Camp the institution of our national games was a boon but for the non-studious it was a real Godsend. It provides not only healthy pleasant exercise for the players, but is also an interesting time killer for those who through various disabilities are debarred from actually taking part in games and therefore are compelled to play the part of spectators.

As in the last season, a Football Association was formed consisting of a delegate from each Barrack and a chairman and secretary. The captain of the Camp Mr. J. Powell

IF SANTA CLAUS CAME TO RUHLEBEN.



The poor old boy might go "batchy."

is the Hon. President with two other captains Messrs. L. G. Beaumont and J. Swift, Hon. Vice Presidents.

Barracks 2, 3, 4, 5, 20, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 17 run two teams, one each in our 1st and 2nd League. Barrack 15 and "The Boys" each has a team in the 2nd League only.

The rules we play under are as near as possible those laid down by the English F. A. with two exceptions viz. we play only 35 minutes each way, and there are no transfers. The latter rule is very strict and a man is only allowed to play for the Barrack he was located in at the opening of our second campaign on October 1st.

The first two days of the re-commencement were spent in preparing our two pitches. We had many willing hands so that when we officially started the season on October 3rd with an exhibition match between two teams chosen by Steve Bloomer and John Cameron the grounds looked pictures.

The Commander of the Camp, Baron von Taube, paid us the honour of kicking-off.

After a grand game Bloomer's side won by 5—2.

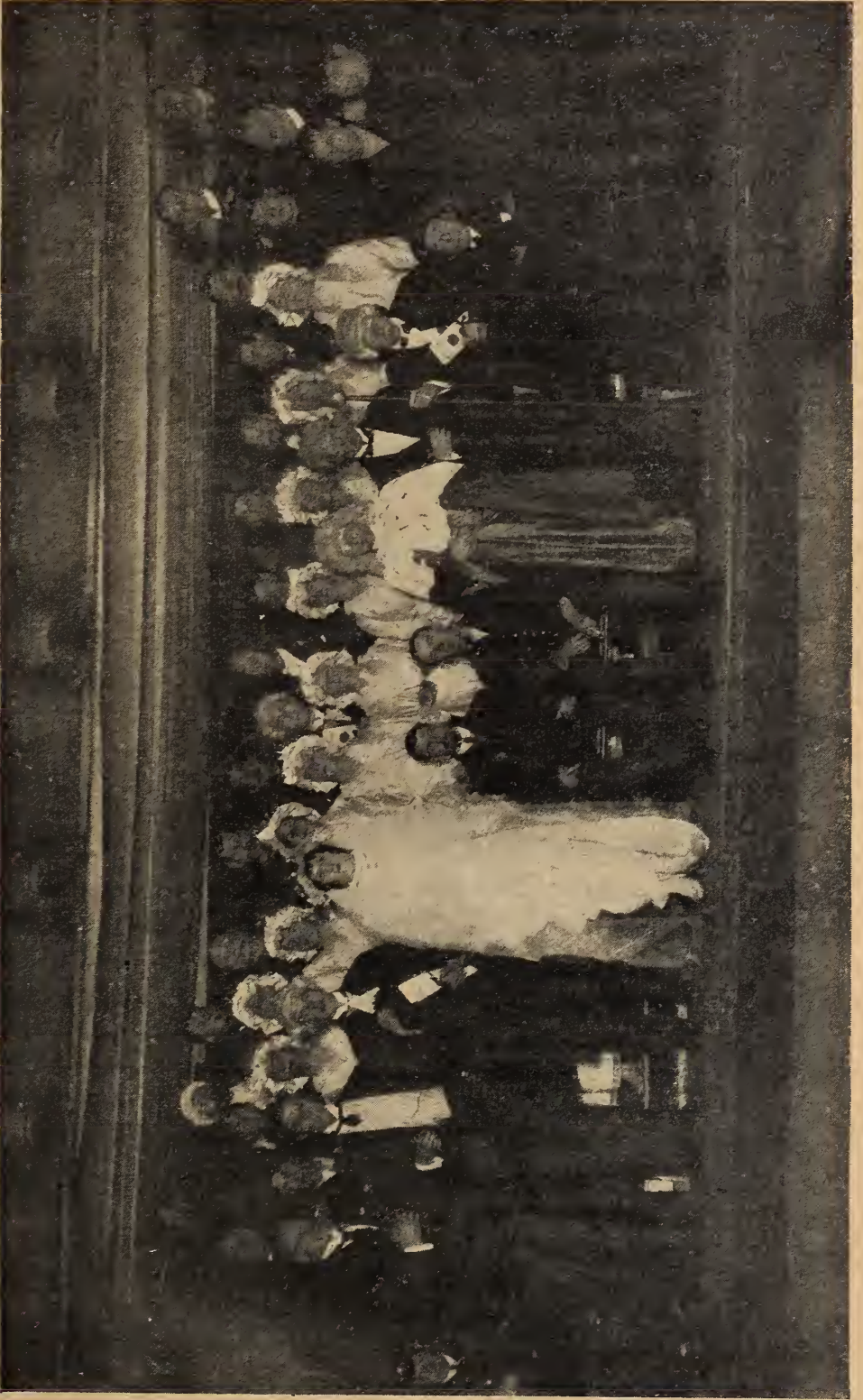
The following six days the pitches were allotted to the barracks for practice matches.

The league tournaments started on Oct. 10th.

By Monday next (writing on November 25th) the first haft of the leagues will have been finished, meaning that each team will have played the other once. The following day we shall commence our Cup Competitions, one for the first leagues and one for the second league. These will be through by the end of the year and then the second half of the leagues will be played. In addition to the league competitions there are daily two or three friendly games played. These are commonly known as "Ragtime Matches" and create much fun and interest.

There will be no prizes whatever given by the R.F.A. but "In RUHLEBEN CAMP" have generously promised souvenirs of an unique character, the particulars of which will be found elsewhere.

There is an athletic store in camp where one can obtain all the necessary gear. But as footballs cost 15/- each we have had to depend on the generosity of these at home in this matter. To F. J. Wall Esq. and some friends of John Cameron's at Chiswick we tender our most grateful thanks for their present of three footballs each, without which the



THE CAST OF "TRIAL BY JURY".

purchase of these articles would have thrown a great burden on our slender resources.

The three outstanding teams up to the present are Barrack 9 in the first league who have gone through the first half of the season without losing a solitary point, and Barrack 3 and the Boys in the second league, a team composed entirely of barrack youngsters from ships. These lads, the eldest of whom is not more than 18, play really fine football and their matches create the keenest interest. Their friend and adviser is Mr. Chas. Pow. Bar. 3, the leaders of the 2nd league, have shown excellent consistent form and fully deserve their proud position. They combine splendidly and if able to keep the same team together will no doubt win the championship outright.

Of the form shown I will ask, Bloomer, Brearley, Wolstenholme and Cameron to give their impressions.

Wolstenholme is the captain of the present league leaders, Barrack 9, and his team is certainly a credit to the old Everton and Blackburn Rover's half-back.

"Well Sam what about the football in the Camp?" I asked.

"Considering the circumstances I reckon it's quite good", he answered. "Do you think any of the players here have shown form which would entitle them to be given a trial with league teams at home?"

"Most decidedly I do", Sam said. "Of course," he added, "it would hardly do for me to mention the names of the particular players I have in mind, but there are men here whom I shall certainly recommend to first class clubs when the proper time arrives."

To a further query as to his personal experiences in Camp-football Wolstenholme warmly acknowledged his appreciation of the full-hearted support given by the Camp in general and his barrack in particular and finally remarked he did not know what we should have done without our football.

John Brearley hesitated before answering my first question as to his impressions, but John was always that way inclined. Then he opened out and said:

"The football is not a patch on that of last season."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "the reasons ought to be quite obvious without going into minute details. But one great fact", he



ANOTHER VIEW OF BAR. 11.

continued, "against really clever play is the ground. As you know it has cut up pretty badly through the great number of games played on it, and the lack of proper utensils to keep it in order."

"And what about the form of the men?" I quereid.

Brearily answered: "With all due respect to everybody only a very few have shown decided improvement and the most of these are men who have never before played Association Football. On the whole," he concluded, "the play has been much above the standard one expected and some of the players may be heard of later on in English Football."

As is only natural Steve Bloomer is the central figure of Ruhleben Football. Although he has had his forty first birthday among us his interest in the game, has been so great that he has only missed playing in one match for his barrack during the whole time football has been played in the Camp.

"Why the lads all play grand," he replied when asked his opinion of the players here. "Some of them would of course do better if they'd play with their heads a little more and if the forwards would shoot oftener and not mess about so much in front of goal."

"But," added the famous inside right, "the football they play is marvellous considering everything and it would be grossly unfair to criticise them very minutely."

"Would some of the players, in your opinion, be good enough for first class teams at home?" I asked.

"They would that," he promptly answered. "Give them the opportunity and a bit of the right coaching and one or two of the lads here would be class enough for any team."

John Cameron, the old Hotspurs manager, is our secretary and the guiding spirit of the management. Under his care the whole machinery runs like clockwork. When I asked him his opinion of the form here he said: "There's nothing wrong with it, except in one instance, when Barrack 11 beat Barrack 10 a few weeks ago. Seriously though the play is quite as good as anyone can expect."

Fred. B. Pentland.

LEAGUE TABLE.

First Division.

Barrack.	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
9	10	10	0	0	33	4	20
10	10	8	2	0	27	10	16
5	10	7	3	0	33	17	14
11	10	7	3	0	37	24	14
8	10	4	5	1	18	19	9
20	10	4	6	0	25	23	8
4	10	3	6	1	21	25	7
17	10	3	7	0	19	30	6
3	10	2	6	2	18	31	6
7	10	2	7	1	16	37	5
2	10	2	7	1	14	41	5

Second Division.

3	12	11	1	0	42	11	22
9	12	7	1	4	30	13	18
Boys	12	8	3	1	31	15	17
5	12	6	4	2	21	13	14
4	12	5	3	4	19	15	14
8	12	5	3	4	24	23	14
10	12	6	4	2	23	24	14
20	12	4	7	1	16	20	9
7	12	3	6	3	17	27	9
11	12	3	8	1	10	19	7
17	12	3	8	1	17	39	7
15	12	2	8	2	8	27	6
2	12	2	9	1	15	27	5

FOOTBALL MISREADINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.



"I WOULD I HAD THY INCHES".

HE THOUGHT HE SAW.

(With apologies to Lewis Carrol.)

HE thought he saw a Seraphim
That played upon the bones.
He looked again, and saw it was
The poems of— — — — —
“I thought” he said “such dulcet strains
Must come from higher zones.”

He thought he saw poor Ibsen's ghost
That writhed as though in pain.
He looked again, and saw it was
The child of H— — — — —'s brain.
“‘Exciting's’ not the word,” he said
For castles built in Spain.”

He thought he saw a captain's badge
That lacked a captain's arm.
He looked again, and saw it was
—Nought!—but a false alarm.
“Be still, my heart, be still,” he said
“Be calm, my soul, be calm.”

He thought he saw a merry wight
Who winked a merry wink.
He looked again, and saw it was
A reveller in “clink”.
And to himself he murmured soft,
“Drink, pretty creature, drink”.

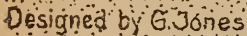
He thought he saw the Lager “Rag”
Appear when it was due.
He looked again, and saw it was,
Not a report, but true.
“Now, isn't this top-hole” he said,
“In time for Xmas too.”



The one with a cold : Have you heard.
the latest, a-a- a- tishoo —

The other : "Go on, they took that.
Last week "

- ## O.-Offices



Wooden

P.- Practice room (piano).

P.C.- Prisoners cells

P.C.N.- Publishing Offices R.C. News

P.H.- Privat house

P.O.- Printers

R.O.- Relief office

R.S.- River (Spree).

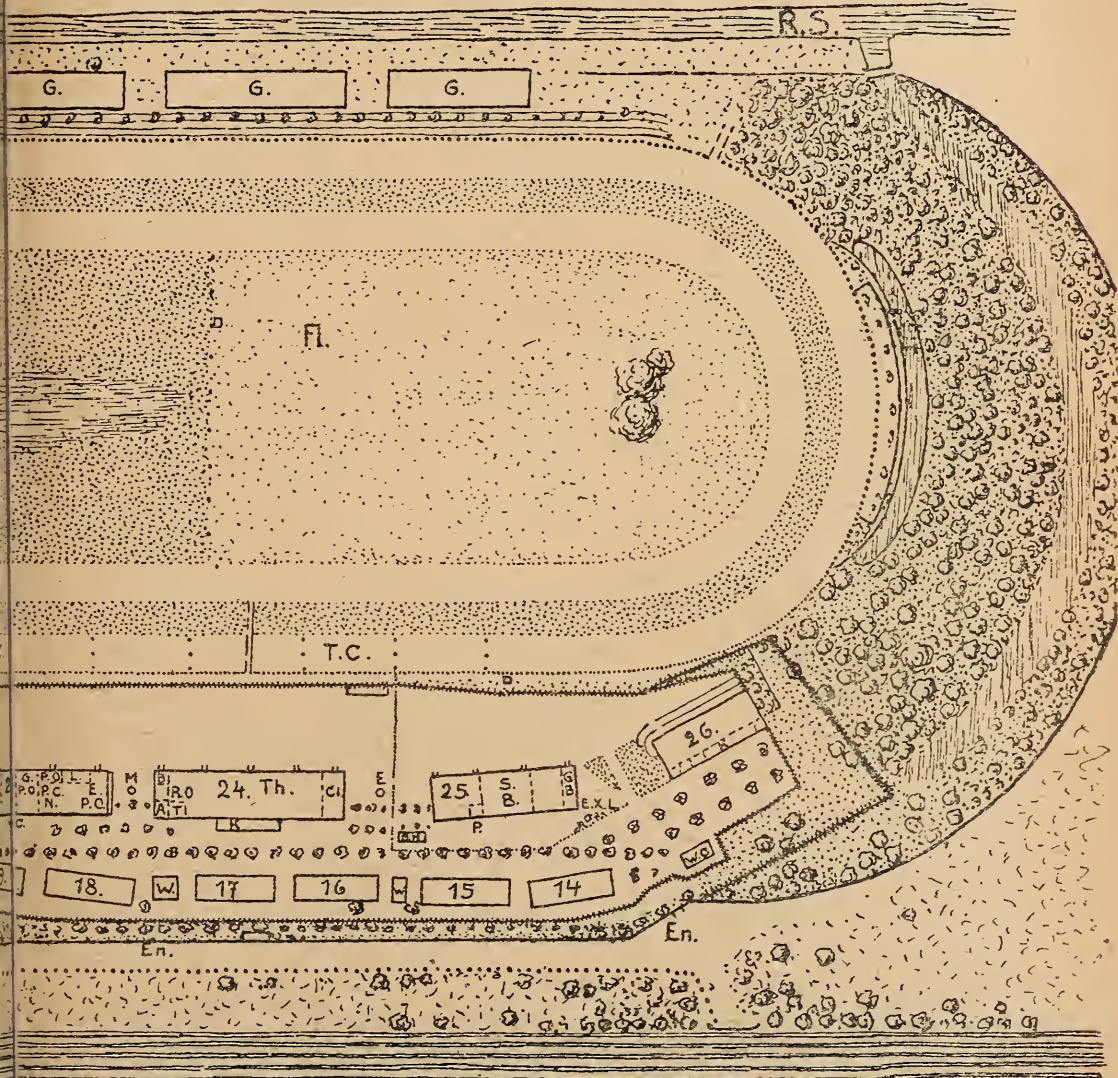
S.- Shoemaker

S.B.- Soldiers barracks

S.E.- Steam (for heating)

S.H.- Summer house

St.- Stable (for horses)



Camp.

ence

T.C.-Tennis courts

W.- Wash houses

High wire fence

Wa.- Watchmaker

W.C.- Public lavatory

OUR FOOTBALL TROPHIES.

In accordance with our offer to the Football Association to provide a trophy for the players who put up the best performance of each fortnight we requested the Association Committee to let us have the names of the recipients.

The Association has chosen the teams but has left the choosing of the individual to the barrack committee or to the eleven in question.

The awards are as follows:

Bar. 7 for the game they put up against Bar. 8 on Oct. 17th in which they drew 3—3 securing their goals within ten minutes of "time".

The player chosen by the Barrack Club to receive the trophy is R. F. WEISS.

Bar. 11 for beating Bar. 3 by 10 goals to 3.
The player to receive trophy is A. BODIN.

"The Boys" for their general good play and especially for the match on Nov. 16th in which they beat Bar. 10 by 5—0.

The player in this case is E. KELLY.



RUGGER. SUPERMEN v. CAPTAINS.

MR. Halpin kicked off and Prof. Hart kindly consented to referee. With a bound Hatfield, the supermen's scrum half, seized the ball and pausing for an instant to pull his long black hair, conferred upon it all the electrical energy of his soundest schemes—the leather retired a few paces to the rear. After some rather complicated scrimmage work, Leigh Henry the leader of the scrum tore away, muttering "These people don't realise the evocative nature of the anti-mechanical spiritual, quasi-futuristic force of the effect of the Rugger spheroid !!! The brutal cry of "Touch" brought him in some measure back to his immediate surroundings. Kapp the nimble S. fly-half stretched out a hand at the line-out, caught and took the ball between finger and thumb — "Excelsior!" he cried and strode down the field. Here, Fisher, go and see to that ball," cried Powell the great full-back, "I must speak to Jones a moment—what? No, no—no time!" The ball now remained in the captains 25, where Hawkins lead his scrum in splendid fashion, and perhaps it was a good thing his directions were in Hindustani. At last Prichard the hare-like left-wing three-quarter of the Supermen took the ball. "Now if I were to drop a goal here, a goal, the reality of that goal would be im-



pressed upon your intellect by the ball going between the posts, but matter does not act like that . . . life wants . . .!" at this point the whistle blew for half-time.

Shortly after "lemons" Pender, with a long giggle and brandishing his eyeglasses in his excitement, his teeth glittering scored between the posts. Peebles Conn converted .. 5-0. After some mixed play in the centre, where Aman after ineffectually trying to score between his own posts subsided under 11 Supermen, Duncan-Jones, the dashing right wing of the intellectuals sprinted down the line; arriving in the captains 25 however he paused and with dramatic gesture exclaimed:—

"Up and down the field we go
Sometimes fast, and sometimes slow,
Slithering like a little otter
Passing out to wing three quatter
When the"

Asher most unkindly brought this masterpiece of epic poetry to a close, collaring the author low. The ball remained near the captains posts, until Turnbull like a race horse sped to his opponents goal and scored. Beaumont converted 5—5. The whistle blew for time.

SHOULD WE CRITICISE?

WE have received the following letters from Mr. Pentland and Mr. Warner with regard to the account of the opening match of the present soccer season which appeared in our columns and also a reply from "Young Bird", the writer of the same.

We make no apology for the publication of this correspondence, despite the fact that the report referred to appeared two months ago, for the question of free criticism is of primary importance "in a camp like this". Despite the weighty arguments put forward by the players, we are inclined to think that Young Bird has made out a very fair case for candid criticism, not only from a sport point of view but also from a general standpoint. It seems to us that if a man makes a public appearance, be it on the sports field, on the stage, or as a camp official he must as a matter of course be prepared to meet with criticism and if not ready to do so then he ought to be content to blush unseen even though this entail the wasting of his sweetness on the desert air.

Mr. Fred Pentland writes:—"In the spirit of sport, I am sure that Young Bird will permit me to pass a few comments on his criticism of the opening match. While granting that he has every right to express his opinion of the game and the players, I consider some of his remarks in reference to some of the players to be outside the bounds of reasonable criticism. To slate a man as Young Bird did Rogans and Collinson is rather hitting below the belt. Neither of these



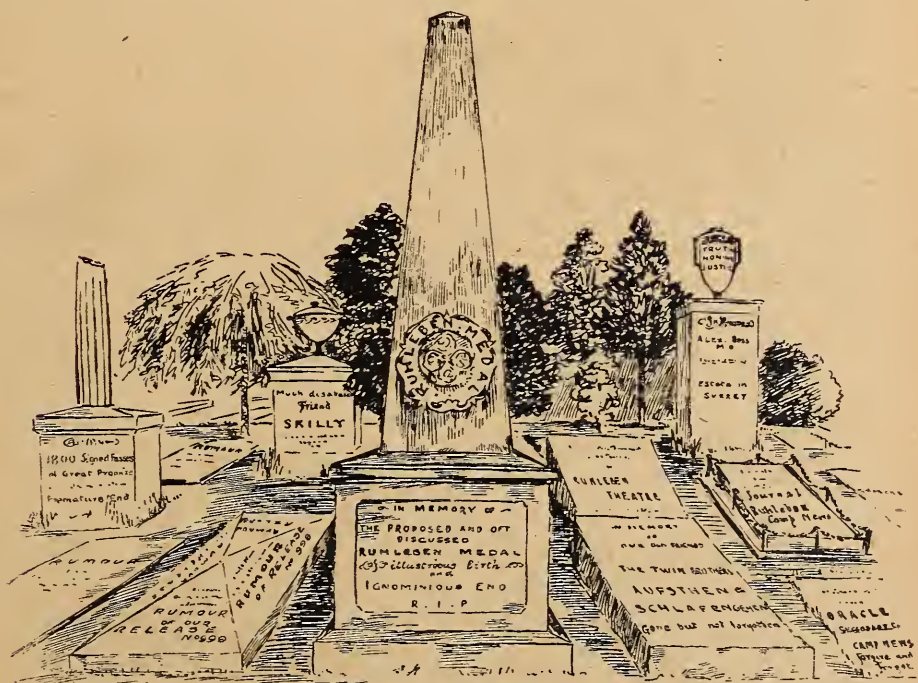


A SUMMER CORNER.

players in my humble opinion deserved the condemnation passed upon them. Both are young players and have proved their ability in Camp football to such good effect as to warrant their inclusion in a representative match. It is the desire of the F. A. and of all true enthusiasts to help and teach young footballers to improve their play but all such efforts will be in vain if Young Bird, or anyone else, knocks the stuffing out of them by passing caustic and hurtful comments when they have a day off form."

Mr. L. P. Warner writes us from Bar. 8:—"I am sure that all true lovers of football must have felt very keenly the unfair criticism by Young Bird on the display of Rogans in the opening match. Evidently as designated by the nom de plume he has adopted, "Young Bird" is very very young and his youthfulness applies to his experience and capability of critizing football. In my opinion Rogans' display was a very useful one indeed against a tricky combination of forwards, and the remarks in your issue of No. 9 are as unjust as they are unmerited. In any case I feel sure that it is not the intention of the editor of "In Ruhleben Camp" to allow criticism such as the case in point, which in a camp of this kind will probably give "the subject operated upon" a most unhappy time and our football here has not been organised with this object in view but just the opposite".

In reply Young Bird says:—I am exceedingly surprised that a player of Mr. Pentland's standing should take up an attitude with regard to criticism which I can only define by the phrase namby pamby. For him to suggest that I was hitting below the belt in saying that a man was a passenger is on the face of it absurd. It was my duty to say what I thought (and the fact that my opinion was shared by a very large proportion of the spectators is interesting though it does not affect the case) and, with all due deference to Mr. Pentland I still see no reason why I should change my opinion as already expressed. Mr. Pentland says:—"The F. A. and all enthusiasts desire to help and teach young footballers to improve their play but all such efforts will be in vain if Young Bird or anyone else knocks the stuffing out of them by passing caustic or hurtful criticism when they have a day off form". That is to say, if I think a man is a passenger, the critic whose duty mark you is to criticise, not to "encourage young footballers" must not say so. For shame Mr. Pentland, you too have lost your mental perspective in Ruhleben. If Mr. Pentland plays a rotten game—and all things are possible in this most wonderful



FORGOTTEN MEMORIES



of worlds—I shall have to say so. Will Mr. Pentland's spirit be broken and the stuffing taken out of him for subsequent games? If so, it is time he gave up football and took to croquet. In this case Messrs. Rogans and Collinson may well cry preserve me from my friends for I happen to know both those gentlemen well enough to know that though they might say "I should like to push Young Bird's face in but all the same I did play a putrid game" they would never talk such twaddle as "The stuffing has been taken out of me and I am going to give up learning the game because when I try and am off form that nasty man Young Bird calls me a passenger". When will Mr. Pentland and others in the Camp who whine about criticism being out of place in a camp like this realise that we are in a concentration camp for ADULT Britishers and not in a preparatory school for young footballers and other delicate plants.

With regard to Mr. Warner's letter which I have just received I can only say to him what I have said to Mr. Pentland. Of course my idea of the game may be wrong and on the other hand so may Mr. Warners but if asked to give an account of the game and I think a man was a passenger there is no reason why I should not say so and in doing so I am certainly not hitting below the belt not even "in a camp like this".

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Let's hang the lyre on a willow tree,
Or on a wall, or on the barbed wire,
But out of sight, as quickly, as may be,
Let's hang the lyre.

Let's live and LEARN,—learn what we most require
And harp no longer in a minor key
On smaller needs and our ONE great desire.
We're free to learn, thus learning to be free
At least in mind, till freedom be entire.
Meanwhile, who says that we're downhearted? We?!
LET'S HANG THE LIAR!

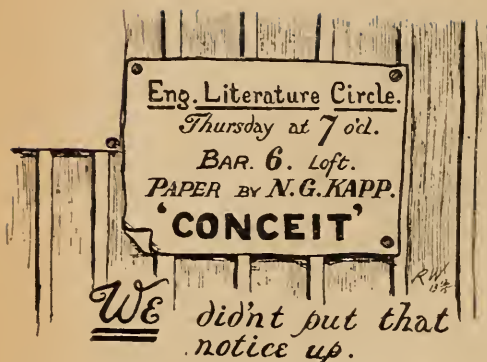
SINEWS OF WAR.

SINEWS of War! Alas, — on evil days
Hath Europe fallen; ever more and more
She bleeds her hapless countries white to raise
Sinews of war.

We, fed and boarded free, may at the roar
Of tax-collectors chuckle, — Some-one pays
For us. We have no need of golden store.

O happy fate! And yet, as now I gaze
Upon my Sunday slice of beef — O Lor'!
A new and baleful light illumines the phrase
'SINEWS of War!'





THE A. & S. U. MEETING.

IT is worth while belonging to the A. S. U., if for no other purpose than that of attending their general meetings. They are always delightful and the last one was fully up to the high standard set earlier in the year. The proceedings start-

ed off by the presentation of a report by the committee for the acceptance of the meeting and although four of the committee themselves were not in favour of the report as it stood. When however, Mr. Croad, the chairman of the meeting, had said that it did not matter a hang whether the report was accepted or not, and Mr. Hatfield had added that the objectionable paragraphs were only flowery prophecies, such as it is the custom to include in camp reports of that nature, the meeting decided—to reject the whole thing.

We must confess that after that our mind became utterly confused. We know the A. & S. U.'s committee resigned and that a member unsuccessfully moved that the whole Society be dissolved, then suddenly Mr. Pritchard was on his feet explaining that he had resigned from his position as chairman because he preferred to sit on the Education Committee as "Mr. Pritchard" rather than as "the embodiment of all the A. & S. U.'s hopes and fears". Moreover, in spite of all his attempts to keep "it" down, "it" would come up. Here he was interrupted by Mr. Croad, who indignantly said he had never noticed anything of the kind; but it turned out, as we gathered from somebody else's remarks, to be all subconscious, so it may have been there, Mr. Croad being a practical man. The mysterious "it" proved to be the equally mysterious views held on art by different members of the committee, mysteries which none of the Committee were prepared to elucidate. So Prof. Patchett stepped into the breach and gave us his ideas of art in a long and blasting diatribe (his own word) against certain modern art forms, which he hoped for the sake of the sanity of the Camp, would not enter into it.

In any case the committee, did not, would not, could not get on, and so there was nothing left for them to do but to resign.

A new chairman was elected in the person of Mr. Hatfield who gracefully and modestly thanked the meeting, saying that though he was not much good, he did not think they would easily get anyone better and the new committee was chosen as follows:

Messrs. Croad (treasurer), Pender (Secretary), Treharne, Higgins, Leigh-Henry, Hunt, Kapp, Cusden and Tivey.

IF SANTA CLAUS CAME TO RUHLEBEN.

HIS ORIGIN BEING OBSCURE
& NOT HAVING A BRITISH
BIRTH CERTIFICATE, HE
WOULD BE DOCKED
HIS FIVE BOB A WEEK.



R. W. KER.
13.12.10.

When writing home for coffee, be sure you order

“FAZENDA”

PURE COFFEE

Imported, roasted and packed by State
of San Paulo (Brazil) Pure Coffee Co. Ltd.
London. Bears Government Seal —
Guaranteed freshly=roasted and ground.



Specially packed in air=tight tins to preserve fresh=ness and aroma of the Coffee. It is cheaper than tea.

MISS MOLLY M'GINTY SENDS US THE
FOLLOWING UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL:

*Frivolity Theatre,
Ruhleben W.*

Dear Sir:

Algvy brought me a packet of your really splendid and excellent toffee to the stage door last night, and I feel I must really write do tell you how good I think it is. So wholesome and pure. It reminds me of my last tour in England, where I always ate your Toffee de Luxe. Isn't it just splendid being able to get it at the Ruhleben Stores here?

Yours very sincerely

Molly M'Ginty.

English Toffee: 2 packets 15 Pfg. at Ruhleben Stores.

It is with deep gratification that we publish the following letter, which has been handed to us by Mr. Dix.

Buckingham Palace.

To

Arthur Dix Esq.,

Lord Stamfordham has received from the Honble., Sir Sidney Greville a complete set of the Magazines published by those who are interned in the English Camp at Ruhleben.

These have been laid before the King, who has received them with deep interest, but with increased feelings of sympathy for those of his subjects who, during their internment, are displaying such pluck and cheerfulness.

18th December 1915.

THE RUHLEBEN DAILY NEWS

Published
at Printing Office Daily at 10 a. m. Price one halfpenny.

EDITED BY L. SPICER.

Contains translations of the official reports published, and other items interesting to us, appearing in the German papers; but no comments are permitted on our part.

This little paper is provided especially for the benefit of those who are unable to read German and will prove a valuable medium for disseminating war news and it is hoped that many will avail themselves of the opportunity of purchasing a copy daily. The paper does not pretend to be one of literary merit, but it is our aim to get the news to the Camp as concisely and as quickly as possible.

EXCHANGE AND MART

Barrack 5B

originated and conducted by
MORTIMORE HOWARD.

:-: Recognised as a public institution. :-:
Patronised by the Captains of the Camp.

New and second hand clothing,
Musical Instruments, Watches,
Jewellery, Woollen Goods, Caps,
Electric Lamps, Boots and Shoes.

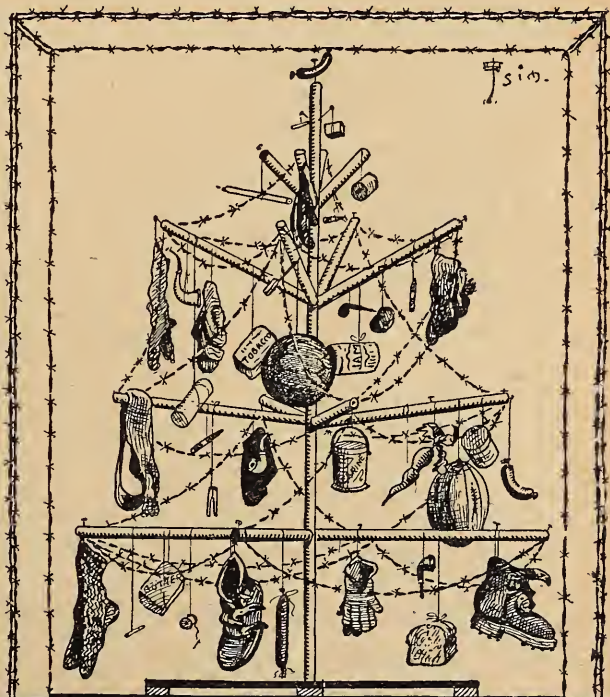
Foodstuffs, soaps, toilet requisites, tobacco, cigarettes, in fact anything from a tin-tack to a battleship.

RUGBY.

THE First Round of the Rugby League is over, and the Camp may congratulate itself upon the standard of play attained. Much keenness has been shown, and a general all round improvement is apparent.

Our prophecies with respect to the teams have only been partly fulfilled. We predicted that the Barbarians would render good account of themselves, and our prediction has held good in so far as they have tied for the first place with Blackheath, who have shown unexpected form. We cannot help thinking however that the Barbarians are capable of even better things and shall expect to see them "go up one" at the close of the next round. Wasps too are a much improved side and, with more of the ball, should give any side a hard fight. Nomads are frankly disappointing; with such a fast three-quarter line and heavy "scrum" one would have expected better results. We expect them to do a lot better in the "second half". Harlequins have made big strides since the beginning of the season. Although low on the list, they have succeeded in giving every team a hard fight. Blackheath has been a surprise packet, and owes its success to the keenness of its scrum, and, probably still more to the fact that it invariably tackles low. High tackling has proved the downfall of most of the teams at one time or another.

United Services had bad luck in losing Harris, their captain, and Ritchie, the leader of their forwards. We are sorry to hear that the former will be unable to take further



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
 Ruhleben, 25th December, 1915.

The Ruhleben Literary and Debating Society.

After a period of unavoidable inactivity this Society has resumed its labours.

This Society has been dubbed "The Parliament of Ruhleben" and again "The Talking Club". Be that as it may, the Society is fully awake to the fact that the inmates of the Camp, in every branch of life and in every department of activity, at present enjoy facilities which were undreamt of at the time of its formation; and, in the consciousness of this fact, is determined to rise to its opportunities and to avail itself to the full of these facilities.

With this aim in view, the Society has resolved to redouble its efforts during the new year which is, unfortunately, opening upon us here. It has a year of experience behind it; it will benefit from passed mistakes and failures; it will avoid pitfalls; and, with the hearty and loyal support of the Citizens of Ruhleben, which it will do its best to retain, the Society will not confine its efforts to the promotion and holding of Debates, but will strive to develop the literary side (which offers a wide field in itself) and also to introduce new features. In all these endeavours the Society, working on broad popular lines, will have as its ideal **Amusement, Instruction and the Stimulation of Ideas.**

As examples of the widened scope of the activities of the Society may be mentioned the following events which took place recently: —

Tues., Nov. 30 th. An Address on "The Poet" by Mr. W. H. Butterworth.

Tues., Dec. 7 th. A Dramatic Recital by the West Indian Actor Mr. P. Sylvester Leon, to which Explanatory Remarks were contributed by Mr. Israel Cohen.

Owing to changes which have taken place in the various Barracks since the foundation of the Society, it has been found necessary to re-constitute its Committee, the principle followed being that the Committee should be formed by the representatives of the Barracks. This is now being done the Officers elected for the Session 1915—1916:—

Mr. W. H. BUTTERWORTH, President

Mr. C. J. PEARKE, Chairman

Mr. R. SIMMS, Treasurer

Mr. P. SYLVESTER LEON (9), Secretary.

part in games this season, but we welcome the return of the latter to his old place.

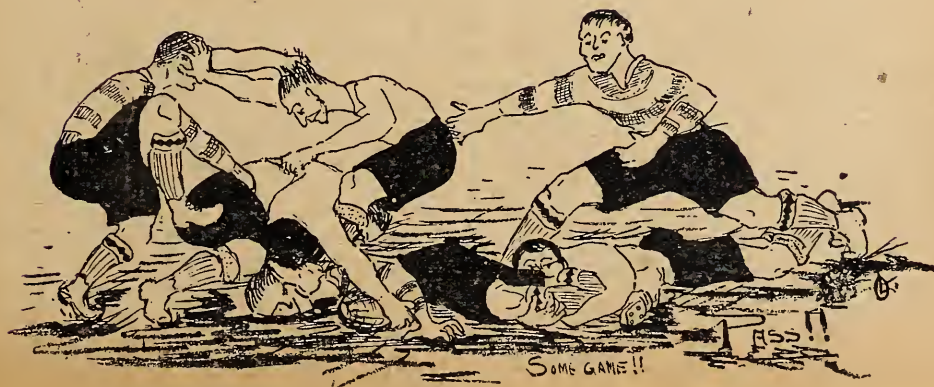
The games up to the present have been fought out among the forwards. This is probably due to the affection of the halves for the ball, clinging to it as they do until brought down, and never giving their $\frac{3}{4}$ line a fair chance. The refereeing has not always been quite "up to the mark"; but few or any complaints have been made as to the ruling in first league matches. Criticising the referee is always an easy task; the obvious retort for the victim is "Try and do it better yourself". We have no intention of making any such attempt, but are always willing to abide by the referee's decision.

No remarks can be made about Second Team matches, owing to the great difficulty some barracks had in raising teams, but we congratulate Wasps and Barbarians on their good record.

A Cup-Tie Round is commencing on Thursday Nov. 25th; the Second Rounds of the league will be played after Christmas. The International Matches will wind up the season.

SCORES.

	Matches played	W.	L.	D.	Pts. for	Pts. v.
Barbarians	5	3	—	2	23	17
Blackheath	5	4	1	—	41	10
Nomads	5	3	1	1	16	5
Wasps	5	2	2	1	30	29
Harlequins	5	1	4	—	25	29
United Services	5	—	5	—	3	48



RUHLEBEN CAMP STORES

BOOKS

NEW AND
SECOND HAND

IN ALL LANGUAGES

MUSIC

AND

STATIONERY

AT LOWEST PRICES

LARGE STOCK IN HAND

APPLY BETWEEN 2 p. m. AND 4 p. m.
(WEEKDAYS ONLY) TO:—

F. L. MUSSETT

THE OFFICIAL CAMP'S BOOK-SHOP
BOND STREET

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir:

In connection with the Red Cross Bed collection, which admirable institution we are sure every true Britisher in this Camp will do his utmost to support, might I take the liberty of announcing through your journal a means by which every prisoner might materially help. At the engraving kiosk a beautifully carved egg-shell is on view, which was specially done for this worthy object, i. e. assisting in the collection of funds for the Bed: AND WILL BE RAFFLED AND THE ENTIRE PROCEEDS WILL GO TO THE RUHLEBEN BED. There are only about 8 of these carved egg-shells in existence, and they are in the possession of the British and other Royal Families, so one with the Ruhleben Coat of Arms and the Royal Crown will be an article of curiosity and great value. The shell, in a finely hand-carved and padded casket, is to be handed to the winner of the raffle, which will take place about the middle of January. Tickets are on sale at the engraving kiosk, price 30 Pf. each, and the barracks will shortly be canvassed, so that no one may have an excuse for not participating in this most worthy of all undertakings: the assisting of our brave soldiers who have the enviable task of doing something for their country.

A PRISONER.



BAR. 12 ON PARADE.

THE "JELLOGRAPH"

Music, Colour and Manuscript Printing Works

BARRACK 5 B

(originated by Mortimore Howard)

Managing Direktor: Mr. SAMUEL PEARSON. Music department conducted by Mr. JOHN S. FORSTER, of Messrs. SCHOTT & CO. Music publishers, Regent St., London.

Printers to Football Committee, Golf Club, Church Choir, Empire, Germ. Dramatic Society, French Dramatic Society, Camp School, Brit. Ruhleben Assn., London & Home Counties Assn., Supplies Delivery, 25 Club, School of Languages, Exchange & Mart, Popular Concert Committee, Cricket Club, British, Sussex, Practical. Central American, Forgetme-not, and Japanese Laundries, Arts & Science Union, &c.

THE

R. X. D.

POST-OFFICE

5, KING EDWARD ST. W. C.

does all postal-service cheaply and quickly.

THE Entertainments Committee have handed us the following provisional programme for the coming three months. All are plays with which many of us are already familiar with the exception of the three "one-acters" on Feb. 10th, all of which have been written in Camp, the first by Mr. Tivey and the last by Mr. H. Miller:

Jan. 13, 1916.	Playboy of the Western World.
„ 20	Erbförster.
„ 27	Great Adventure.
Feb. 3	Othello.
„ 10	Right Age to Marry; Geordie; Breakers Ahead.
„ 17	Variety Show.
„ 24	Passing of the Third Floor Back.
Mar. 2	Alias Jimmy Valentine.
„ 9	Passers By.

THE PANTOMIME.

WE are debarred from commenting at length on the Christmas Pantomime in this number and must reserve our sketches and criticisms for our next issue. We would, however, like to congratulate all concerned in the undertaking. The show may well have surprised Ambassador Gerard and his party who visited the gala performance for as a production of a prisoner's camp it was nothing short of marvellous. Mr. John Roker, the producer, Mr. Brooks the author, Mr. Well and who designed the dresses and the charming girls and boys of the chorus, the dainty Cinderella, the scene-shifters who manage the quite incredible transformation scene and the rest of them have all earned our heartiest thanks and we will give them more of it in our next.

THANKS

In view of the permission kindly accorded us by the Censor to send our Xmas Number to England, we should like to take this opportunity of thanking the folks at home in the name of the whole Camp for the generosity and kindly thought which has filled our parcels-office.

Those who did not receive any parcels from Home were looked after by a small committee here in the Camp and such was the generosity of those who had been more fortunate that we can safely say that there was no man in the Camp whose Christmasbreakfast table was not graced by a handsome parcel. We may perhaps venture to offer a word of advice to those at Home with regard to catering for the needs of their Ruhelebenites. The first essential is butter, or, failing that, margarine or dripping. Though most of us have been on the Continent for nearly two years, our stomach still yearns for its morning bacon and, we may remark in passing, it is strange how well bacon stands the journey! For the rest, we can only congratulate the old folks at Home on the wonderful pertinacity they have shown in anticipating our wants.

THE DAY-DREAM.

A train of thought!—How sweet, when in disgust
With life and all the trouble life has brought,
To follow, as we wander through the dust,

A train of thought.

To think you're FREE,—to fance you have caught
The Night-Express and momentarily are thrust
Yards nearer Home,—O word with comfort fraught!

And then—CRASH! BANG!! What? Has the boiler bust?
No,—you've encountered, wand'ring all distraught,
The flag-staff!—It was no Express,—'t was just.

A train of thought.

MUSIC V. R. D. S.

The Pros and Cons of subjects they uncoil
As many-coloured as chameleons,
When into speech and speechlet down they boil
The Pros and Cons.

A Court of Savants rules them, and of Dons,
Crammed full of wisdom, reared on midnight-oil,
August, sublime,—like demigods in bronze.

Yet greater still, a gracious counterfoil,
The Artists and their baton-waving bonze,
Since Concord, not Contention, crowns their toil.—
The Pros and Cons.

"IN RUHLEBEN CAMP"

The official organ of the Engländerlager, Ruhleben.

Publishers: The Camp Education Committee.

Editor and Publicity Manager: T. A. Barton.

All inquiries to be made at the office:

No. 2, Fleet Street, Ruhleben.

"IN RUHLEBEN CAMP"

is a better advertising medium here
than any other English paper.

Ask for rates:

AT THE OFFICE

No. 2, Fleet Street.

PRACTICAL SHOEMAKER

Hand-sewn or wooden-pegged.

Don't rely on amateurs!

Good work guaranteed!

THE BEST OF LEATHER USED

The Shoemaker's Shop,
DAVID ORRELL

Bond Street. W.

Have you contributed
to
The Ruheleben Bed?

IF THERE IS NO BOX IN YOUR
BARRACK YOU WILL FIND
ONE AT OUR OFFICE.

NOTE!

CHEQUES ON YOUR ENGLISH BANK ARE
VERY ACCEPTABLE.

KRIEGSGEFANGENENSSENDUNG!

To

.....

.....

ENGLAND

.....

From

.....

Bar.....Box.....Loft.....

Engländerlager, Ruhleben
Germany.

